

## JUNE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.  
 THERE, through the long, long summer hours  
 The golden light should lie,  
 And quick young boys and groups of flowers  
 Stand in their beauty by.  
 The circle should be built and tell  
 His love-tale, close beside my cell;  
 The idle butterfly  
 Should rest him there, and there be heard  
 The housewife's low and humming-bird.  
 And what, if cheerful shouts, at noon,  
 Come, from the village sent,  
 Or songs of mads, beneath the moon,  
 With fairy laughter blent?  
 And what, if, in the evening light,  
 Betrayed lovers walk in sight  
 Of my low monument?  
 I would the lovely scene around  
 Might know no sadder sight nor sound.  
 I know, I know I should not see  
 The season's glorious show,  
 Nor would its brightest shine for me,  
 Nor its wild music flow;  
 But if, around my place of sleep,  
 The friends I love should come to weep,  
 They might not have to go,  
 Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,  
 Should keep them lingering by my tomb.  
 These to their softened hearts should bear  
 The thought of one who cannot share  
 The gladness of the scene;  
 Whose part in all the pomp that fills  
 The dream of the summer hills  
 Is—that his grave is green;  
 And deeply would their hearts rejoice  
 To hear again his living voice.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## New Method of Making Bread.

Good bread is a good thing, and one not so easily obtained. A correspondent of the *American Agriculturist* says she can make good bread, and she tells others how to do it. She says: "Instead of a protracting agony of twelve or eighteen hours, it will be a pleasant exercise of a few minutes in making it—just two hours for raising—and baked in fifty minutes, and then out come the loaves so round and light, so tender and sweet, the whole household would be delighted. The first thing, and last, in fact, is a proper temperature, both while making it and in process of rising. Without heat, internal as well as external, fermentation cannot be rapid enough. Then heat two bricks to one hundred degrees or more, and place the pan you make the bread in upon them, and so knead and work in the heat with the material. And now, though the great army of bread-bakers stand up in floury array against me, and even shake their doughy fingers at me, I shall not wince or abate one jot. Success is the test of merit, as the world goes, and the past delusive notion that after bread is light enough, it must forsooth be moulded over into loaves, and set to work again, is all nonsense. It often induces to sourness, certainly multiplies labor, and takes time. Well, then, have two tins well greased, and divide the dough equally. (I used two quart tins, which, of course, requires two quarts of flour and over for a loaf), and set them to rise by the stove on hot bricks, with a piece of carpet over the bricks to moderate the heat, and then well cover with warm woollen. In two hours it will be rising like Aladdin's palace; when fairly brimming full place it in your oven, and you will soon have as delicious bread to eat as one ought to expect out of Paradise. I claim this as original, and only ask you to follow these directions, and give us the result. This bread-making ceases to be the tax on time and patience it usually is, and the harassing doubts and fears one usually goes through with while following the old method are quite done away with. I could say much more on the subject of baking bread, in adjusting the 'golden mean,' which after all is half. A peep into some of the closed ovens would, I fear, call out the exclamation of the dogs in Landseer's picture of 'Too hot, too hot.' These instructions are so plain, and the results promised so great, that they are worth trying."

## Boiled Wheat.

It is strange that intelligent men and women pay so little attention to healthy diet. Fashion dictates, and deluded, weak-minded persons would rather be out of the world than out of fashion. I suppose everybody knows it is not fashionable to say that one-fourth of the civilized world has never seen this article used on the table. Life is wasted away with fine bread, toast, and puddings, and finally, when it is too late, hypophosphite is recommended to restore health and strength. All this trouble would be unnecessary if we would use plenty of boiled wheat. Some persons bear acquaintance, and after you once know them fully, you always love them. So it is with boiled wheat, after you once learn to eat it, you always like it. My husband's eyes always twinkle and look bright when he sees the above named article on the table, and he says when through eating: "Marie, what a good healthy meal this was! I have often, dear, and plenty of it. Perhaps not every farmer's wife knows how to prepare this healthy diet. The wheat should be cracked in a mill. Take one quart and put into a half pot of warm water, and let it stand upon the stove several hours; then boil it slowly, and stir it occasionally, till it becomes thick; put in a handful of salt. For children it can be used for milk. If left standing till cool it is very nice to eat in slices, and use with cream and sugar, or fry it like mush; the last mentioned I prefer for general use, but it can be prepared in various ways. Almost every mother knows how small children suffer with the summer complaint; I learned my babe to eat boiled wheat when only a year old, and I thought it almost a cure for this disease, and it always makes her good-natured. So much do I notice the good effect that I prefer giving her boiled wheat instead of severe treatment to make her a good little girl. I used to be very nervous—my physician said my main diet must be boiled wheat; and I have become entirely rid of that weakness. I consider it equal in taste to boiled rice, and a healthier diet; and by experience I know its constant use would save many big doctors' bills.—*Ohio Farmer.*

## How to Keep Cattle from Jumping.

GIVING cattle a "downward tendency" is just now absorbing the attention of Western farmers. The idea is to cure cattle from jumping fences, etc. The process of effecting this object is simply leaving one rail for them to pass under, and they are driven in and out of the field several times each day in this way to lessen their inclination to jump or look upward, as they are sure to do when a lazy attendant throws down a part of the rails and makes them vault the rest. Cattle may be taught to go over any fence by the careful training they often get for this end, and performed as follows: First, starve them or give them poor feed, which will make them light and restless. As soon as they go over the lowest part of the fence after better provender, make them jump back again, and put on one more rail, saying, "I guess that will keep 'em out." Next day (as of course they will be in mischief again), repeat the process, adding another rail; in a short time they will take care of themselves, and harvest the crops without charge.

## FOR YOUTHFUL READERS.

## The Fairy Apple.

Of course you haven't a fairy godmother. No little boys or girls have now. But there were once two sisters named Ella and Martha, who had a fairy godmother, and she came often to see them.

They would hear a little whizzing and whisking outside of the door, and there they would find her chariot, made out of a cucumber shell, and her footman frog quite out of breath with having run all the way after the chariot, and pounding at the door.

The fairy godmother herself was a pretty little plump old woman, with merry blue eyes, only she was so small—so very small. She always wore a dress made out of a white lily leaf. It is very odd that a dress could be made out of a lily leaf; but then, she had a fairy godmother, of course.

Over this dress she wore a monstrous cloak made out of a mouse skin, and a boa made out of a stuffed caterpillar. And you need not be shocked at that, I am sure; for it is certainly no worse to wear a caterpillar's skin than a mink or a sable skin, and her bonnet was made out of a violet by a fairy milliner, of course, and over the whole she had a long veil of the finest spider's silk.

When she came she always brought her kitten. Her needles were golden, and her yarn made of spider's silk; and she knitted as fast as she talked, which was fast enough, I promise you.

Now, one day, after she had been knitting and talking awhile, she took out of her pocket an apple—a great, splendid, rose-cheeked fellow—and laid it on the table.

"That is a fairy apple, children," said their godmother. "It will last the year round; for as fast as you eat it, it will grow again."

Both the girls looked anxiously at the apple, and then doubtfully at each other; for each was anxious to have it.

"I have brought it for that child," said the godmother, "that can give me the most for it. I will leave it here a week, and you must each try to get as much as you can give me for it. Only remember that what you may call much I may think little; and what you may think little I may call much."

So saying, she went away; and Ella and Martha began at once to dispute whose it would be.

"I have a gold ring," said Martha, "and a string of gold beads, and three dollars in silver."

"And I have a beautiful fur muff, and a bracelet, and two dollars in silver," answered Ella.

"And I—," commenced Martha.

But just then came a knock at the door. Martha ran to open it, thinking it was their Uncle George, who was rich, and who, she felt sure, would give her a gold piece, if she should ask him for it; but instead of that, it was only her Aunt Kate, who was very poor, and who had hardly money enough to live from day to day.

"Oh! it is you, Aunt Kate, is it?" said Martha, crossly, and went back at once to her seat by the fire, leaving her Aunt to get the snow off her shawl, and shut the door herself.

Seeing that Ella jumped up and shook out her shawl for her, and drew up a chair for her Aunt by the fire.

"Light how cold it is! shivered the poor Aunt, spreading her thin fingers before the fire."

"Your hands look like beet roots, they are so red, Aunt Kate," said Martha, pouting.

"They are very cold, child," answered her Aunt. "I have a long way to walk through the snow, you know; and I have lost my muff, after carrying it for so many years. I keep my hands under my shawl; but they are cold for all that."

When Ella heard that, she began to consider with herself, and, after a while, she stole around to her mother's chair, and said in a whisper:

"Mamma, may I give my muff to Aunt Kate? She is so old, and so cold, and has so far to walk through the snow, and you know she is so poor, she can never buy another one."

"But what will you do yourself?" asked her mother. "You know you cannot have another muff this winter."

"Yes. But I have such good warm mittens, and such a good thick cloak, and no long walks to take."

"Very well," said the mother.

So away ran Ella and brought the muff, with which Aunt Kate was very much delighted.

Martha was pleased also; for she said to herself:

"Ella will not have so much to give for the fairy apple."

Just then came in Uncle George, and running to him, Martha gave a gold piece of him, which she gave her; but when Ella came running too:

"I am very sorry," said Uncle George, "but I haven't another. Wait till next

## month, when I come again, and then you shall have one."

"That will do you no good, though," whispered Martha; "for godmother is coming in a week. And you have given your muff away besides."

A day or two after that the children's father came home with a story of a poor family freezing and starving to death.

Ella brought out her two dollars in silver at once, and gave them to her father for the poor family.

"Now you have nothing," said Martha.

"I know," answered Ella, "and I am very sorry. I wanted the apple so much. But how could I let those poor people suffer?"

"It is not your business," said Martha. "For my part, I think a shilling quite enough to give. I shall keep the rest for the apple."

So the week went on, and the fairy godmother came.

"It is mine," said Martha. "The apple is mine. See! I have a ring and gold beads, and three dollars in silver, and Uncle George gave me a gold piece."

"And what have you got," asked the fairy of Ella.

"Alas! nothing!" answered Ella. "I gave two dollars to some poor people who were starving."

"Then," answered the fairy, "you are much richer than Martha, who has selfishly kept everything for herself. Take the apple, it is yours."

"But," whispered Martha, "you said the apple was for the one that could give the most."

"True," returned the godmother. "But I said, also, that what you might call much I might call little. You forget that."

## WIT AND HUMOR.

THE men fret and the women frown. MILITARY definition for a kiss. Report at headquarters.

WEX is a sailor most like a thief? When he takes a messmate's watch.

TOAST by a perfect brute: "Women, now and forever, one and inseparable."

PUNCH thinks that the last language spoken on earth will probably be the Finnish.

Why is an angry man like fifty-nine minutes past twelve? He's ready to strike one.

MANY run about for happiness, like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat while it is on his head.

PERMS is such a thorough footfaller that he declares he would rather prefer a watery grave than be preserved in spirits.

WHAT is the use of sighing and weeping as we float down the stream of time? Why make the voyage of life a *leaving* voyage?

It is believed that the telegraph can be constructed through Siberia with little trouble, because the Poles are already on the ground.

An editor published a long leader on hogs. A rival paper in the same village upbraids him for obtruding his family matters on the public.

A SWEET young lady says that males are of no account from the time the ladies stop kissing them as infants till they commence kissing them as lovers.

"WILLIAM," said a teacher to one of his pupils, "can you tell me what makes the sun rise in the East?" "Don't know, sir," replied William, "except it be that the east makes everything rise."

"Ike," said Mrs. Partington, "how do they find out the distance between the earth and sun?" "Oh!" said the young hopeful, "they calculate a quarter of the distance, and then multiply by four."

A VOTER—"Pa," said an interesting juvenile the other day to his indulgent father, "haven't I got a veto as well as the President?" "No, my child," "Yes, I have, Pa; my fifth toe is a V-toe, I reckon."

"Tom," said a man to his friend, a day or two since, "I think it highly dangerous to keep the bills of small banks on hand now-a-days." "Tim," said the other, "I find it far more difficult than dangerous."

A MINISTER having preached the same discourse to his people three times, one of his constant hearers said to him after service: "Doctor, the sermon you gave us this morning having had three several readings, I move that it now be passed."

"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?" "Well, I don't exactly know, drawled his opponent, "but to judge from your size, appearance, and the constant buzzing I should think you belonged to the class generally called insects."

DANIEL WEBSTER was right when he remarked of the press: "Small is the sum required to patronize a newspaper; amply rewarded its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a printed sheet without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price."

A LITTLE keen, bright-eyed girl of four years, on a visit one evening, was being helped to the knee of a gentleman friend, and on being told by her mother that she was too large a baby to hold, retorted almost immediately, accompanying her words with an emphatic gesture, "Why, girls nineteen years old sit on laps, and you wouldn't call them babies, would you?"

Two gentlemen walking together were talking of the senses—sight, feeling, and the like. One remarked that his sense of hearing was remarkable for its acuteness, while the other was not wonderfully endowed in this respect, but observed that his vision was wonderful.

"Now to illustrate," said he, "I can see a fly on the spine of yonder church." The other looked sharply at the place indicated. "Ah!" said he, "I can't see him, but I can hear his step."

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